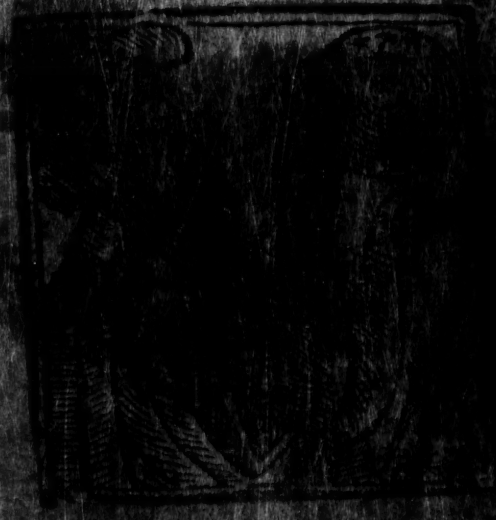

THE WHOLE

PROPHECIES

OF

SCOTLAND,
ENGLAND,
FRANCE,
IRELAND,
AND
DENMARK:

PROPHESIED BY

THOMAS RYMER,

Merveilous Merling, Beid, Berlington, Waldhave, Eltraine, Banester, and Sybilla.

Containing many Strange and Marvellous Matters, not of before read or heard.

COMPARED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS.

ABERDEEN:

M, DCC, LXXIX.

Old Scottiſh Prophecies.

SCOTLAND be ſad now, and lament
Thy Child whom thou haſt loſt:
Bereſt of Kings, falſly undone
By thine unkindly Hoſt.
2 Alas! the Free is Bound become,
And Deceit is thy Fall,
The Falſhood of the Britiſh Race
Has brought thee into Thral.
3 The Grave of the moſt Noble Prince
To all is great Regret,
Not ſubject to Law, who doth leave
The Kingdom and Eſtate.
4 O Anguiſh great! where ev'ry kind
And Age doth lament,
Whom bitter Death has ta'en away,
Shall Scotland ſore repent.
5 Lately a Land of Rich Increaſe,
A Nation ſtout and true,
Has loſt their former dear Eſtate,
Which they did hold of due:
6 By hard Conflict and by the Chance
Of mobile Fortune's Force,
Thy Hap and thy Proſperity
Is turned into worſe.
7 Thou wont to win, now is ſubdu'd
And come in under Yoke;
A Stranger reigns, and doth deſtroy
What likes him, with Sword's Stroke.
8 The Engliſh Race, whom neither Force
Nor Manners do approve,

Wo is to thee! by Guile and Slight
Is only win above.
9 This mighty Nation, was tofore
Invincible and Stout,
Has yielded low to Deſtiny,
Great Pity is but Doubt.
10 In former Age, the Scots Renown,
Did flouriſh goodly gay;
But now, alas! is over-clad
With a great dark Decay.
11 Then mark and ſee what is the Cauſe
of this ſo wondrous Fall,
Contempt of Faith, Falſhood, Deceit,
The Wrath of GOD withall.
12 Unſatiable Greed-of World's Gain,
Oppreſſion, Cries of Poor,
Perpetual a ſlandrous Race,
Do Juſtice put in Ure.
13 The haughty Pride of mighty Men,
Of former Vice chief Cauſe,
The Nutriture of Wickedneſs,
An unjuſt Match of Laws.
14 Therefore this Caſe the Prophets old
Of long Time did preſage,
As now has hapned every Point
Into your preſent Age;
15 Since Fate is ſo, now Scotland learn
In Patience to abide
Slanders, great Fears, and ſudden Plagues,
And Dolours moe, beſide.
16 For out of Thee ſhall People riſe
With divers Happineſs;
And yet a Pen can ſcarcely write
Thy Hurt, Skaith and Diſtreſs.
17 And yet beware thou not diſtruſt,
Although ov'rwhelm'd with Grief,
Thy Stroke is not perpetual,
For thou ſhalt find Relief.

18 I do suppose although too late
Old Prophecies shall hold,
Hope thou in GOD's Goodness ever,
And Mercies manifold.
19 For thou that now a Patient is,
And seemeth to be bound,
At Liberty shall free be set,
And with Empire renown'd.
20 From high above shall Grace come down,
And thy State Scotland, be
In latter End more prosperous
Nor former Age did see.
21 Old Prophecies foretell to thee,
A warlike Heir be's born,
Who shall recover new his Right,
Advance his Kingdom's Horn.
22 Then shal the Scots Sword sweat with Blood,
and Slaughter which they make;
The King himself Revenger shall
The guilty Troops down wrack.
23 The English Nation shall invade,
But not escape a Plague,
With Sword, with Thrist, with Tears and Pest,
With Fear, and such like Ague.
24 And after Enemies be's thrown down,
And mastered by War,
Then, Scotland, in Peace quietly,
Pass joyful Days for ever.

When HEMPE is come and alſo gone,
SCOTLAND and ENGLAND ſhall be all one.

K.	K.	Q.	K.	Q.
HENRY,	EDWARD,	MARY,	PHILIP,	ELIZABET.
the VIII.	the VI.		of *Spain*, *M*'s Huſb.	Q.

H E M P E

Praiſed be GOD alone, for HEMPE is come and gone,
And left us OLD ALBION, by Peace joined in one.

Tempore patet occulta veritas.
In Time appeareth hidden Truth.

MERLING ſays in his book, who will read right,
Although his ſayings be uncouth, they ſhall be true found.
In the ſeventh chapter, read whoſo will
One thouſand and more after Chriſt's birth,
When the Chalnalider of Cornwell is called,
And the Wolf out of Wales is vanquiſhed for aye;
Then many ferlies ſhall fall, and many folk ſhall die;
Many ſelcouth ſhall be ſeen in all Chriſten lands,
In the Moon and the Sea, and ſigns in the Sun;
And in all planets plainly that appears to the ſky;
Then ſhall the Lyon be beſt in the bread north,
And a fellon flaw ſhall fall ſoon after,
And a ſhedding of Blood within ſhort time:
Both the Moon and the Mernes great dool ſhall make
And all Mar ſhall mourn many days after,
The great Bear with his tuſks the field ſhall loſe,
A fell ſhower of the ſouth ſhall fad him for ever,
And that Leid ſhall his life loſe in another Land

Then ſhall a frick be ſoftered far in the South,
And to the Kyth ſhall he go that he came from,
With much wealth and worſhip ſhall he go home,
And inhabite Albany unto the end.
Both the Iſles and Arran at his own will,
Many Men ſhall laugh when he home comes,
Bot much ſelcouth ſhall be ſeen within ſhort time,
At his own kind blood, there ſhall he begin,
Chooſe of the chiefeſt and chop off their Heads:
Some harled on ſleds and hanged on hie,
Some put in Priſon and much pain hide.
The Crab ſhall be out of his cliſt a long time,
With unkind blood and yet ſhall recover;
And other beirns in whole baniſht forever,
Covetice ſhall be his name, the King of that Kyth,
For both his heart and his head ſhall be of flint forged
No Lord ſhall live in that land but himſelf alone;
But they are bereaved of bliſs, to keep them in baile,
Yet ſhall a man of more vail mar him forever,
For ſuddenly he ſhall go down and die in a fen.
There ſhall no King come in that kyth for a long time
But a figure of a flower, the faireſt of the firth
The white flower and the red, ſo ſhall he be called.
In the mouth of Arran a ſelcouth ſhall fall,
Two bloody Harts ſhall be taken with a falſe train,
And derfly dung down without any doom;
Ireland, Orkney, and other Lands many;
For the death of thoſe two great dool ſhall make.
Then much ſorrow is ſeen within ſeven Years,
Both the Crab and Cock they ſhall eſcape,
For more harm at that time ſhall they not have,
When the Raven roups many ſhall rue,
From Cornwell to Caithneſs they ſhall his cry hear.
When the Gled in his cliſt is climbe to the hight,
He counts not the Lyon that he is kind Lord:
Then the Graip would govern all and gaps thereafter
With great gifts of gold the flower would he get,

Come he once in his clooks, he covers it never.
Then would a poor captive be keeper of the Kyth,
Yet ſhall it fail the freit that the fool thinks.
When the Cock crows, keep well his comb,
For the Fox and the Fulmart they are falſe both.
When the Raven and the Rook has rounded together
And the Kid in his clift ſhall accord to the ſame,
Then ſhall they be bold, and ſoon to bail after,
Then ſhall the Buck in belling time make a great bear
It is but wind that he waſts, for he is but away,
Then ſhall waken up a war, and much wo after,
When the birds of the Raven rugs and reavs,
And the leil men of Lothian be loppen on their horſe
Then ſhall the poor people be ſpoiled full near,
And the Mers ſhall mourn many days after,
And all the Abbies truly that ſtands on Tweed,
And all Lothian ſhall live on their lives anter,
They ſhall burn and ſlay, and great reif make,
There dare no poor man ſay whoſe man he is.
Then ſhall the land be lawleſs, for love there is none,
And falſet ſhall have foot fully five years,
And truth truly ſhall be tint, and none ſhall truſt other:
The couſin once ſhall not truſt the other,
Nor the ſon the father, nor the father the ſon,
For to have his goods, he would have him hanged.
Then ſhall they a Counſel call for peace of the Kyth,
To make love among Lords, but that ſhall not laſt:
For thoſe Barrons and Batchelers that will not obey,
That will not keep to their cry, nor come to their call.
Then ſhall men be marked for their miſdeeds,
That ſhall turn them to tein within a while after,
When 14 are paſt, and twiſe three, the threep is at end,
And over a water he ſhall, and fair ſee for himſel,
And in a fair forreſt ſhall an Ern big,
Many man ſhall loſe their life in the mean time;
For they ſhall pitch a field and fearcely fight;
Upon a broad mure a battle ſhall be,

Beſide a ſtock Croſs that ſtands in the North,
It is covered with dead Corps, and all of a Kyth,
That the Crow may not know where the croſs ſtood.
The Wolf ſhall be watchman, and keep many ways,
And ſhall be leil to the Lyon. his own kind Lord,
Holy Church is cumbered with the beſt of the Kyth
With languages that lives not by Chriſt, but that ſhall (not laſt.
From Balcomy to Baſs on the broad ſea.
And from Ireland in the Forth ſhall be a fair ſight
Of Barges and Billingers, and many broad ſail;
With 3 Libberts, and the Flower deluce fair upon hight:
Then ſhall an Hunter in haſte come forth of the South
With many Ratches in row ruled full right,
And ſhall go on his foot over the water of Forth:
And in Fife ſhall he fight, and the field win:
And the Chiftanes ſhall die on either ſide.
When the man in the Moon is moſt in his might,
Then ſhall Dumbarton turn up that is down,
And the mouth of Arrand both at one time.
And the Lord with the lucken hand his life ſhall loſe
For covetouſneſs and treaſon, that loſes the land.
When the craigs of Tarbat is tumbled in the ſea,
At the next Summer after ſorrow for ever.
Beid's Books have I ſeen, Baneſter's alſo,
Marvelous Merling and all accords in one,
Marvelous Merling is waſted away,
With a wicked woman wo might ſhe be:
For ſhe hath cloſed him in a Craig on Cornwel coſt.
When the Cock in the North hath builded his neſt
Buſked his Birds, and bowned him to flee;
Then ſhall Fortune, his friend, the gates up caſt,
And right ſhall have his free entry.
Then riſe ſhall the Moon in the North-weſt,
In a cloud as black as the bill of a crow;
Then is looſed a Lyon, the boldeſt and the beſt,
That was born in Britain ſince Arthur's days,
Then ſhall a dreadful Dragon dreſs him from his den

To help the Lyon with his great might;
A Bull and a Baſtard ſpurs ſhall ſpend,
To abide with the Bear, to reckon his rights.
A Libberd engendered of native kind,
With the ſtarn of Bethlehem ſhall riſe in the South,
An Horſe and an Anthelop, boldly ſhall abide,
A Bear and a Brock with berns ſo bright.
A proud Prince in the preis Lordly ſhall light,
With bold Barrons in buſhment to battle ſhall wend
Then ſhall the propheſie prove that Thomas of tells,
Many comely Knight is caſt under foot,
That ſhall make Maidens mourn, that in bower dwells,
The dreadful day of deſtiny ſhall drive to the night;
Shall make maidens and wives in mourning be brought,
Then they meet in the morning with the Moon light:
Betwixt Seton and the Sea, ſorrow ſhall be wrought.
There the Lyon ſhall be hurt and not perceived,
Then ſhall he braid to the beſt, that him the hurt wrought
And many ſtern in that ſtound ſhall fold to the free,
And the proudeſt in the preis to bail ſhall be brought
The ſey Fox and the Fulmart in arms are taken,
And led to the Lyon Law to abide;
The Pyper and the Pye ſhall ſuffer the ſame;
All the friends of the Fox ſhall be ſey made.
Then ſhall Troy untrue tremble for dread,
For dreaddor of the deadman when they hear him ſpeak,
All the commons of the Kyth ſhall caſt him the keys
The buſhment of Beverlaw therewith ſhall break.
When War men and Woods, away went,
And every ſeed in his ſeaſon kindly is ſet,
And right well ruled, and falſhood is fled;
Then ſhall be plenty of peace when laws have no let,
The Spouſe of God ſhall ſing with a joyful Song,
Thanking God thereof, and the Trinity,
And all grace and goodneſs ſhall grow us among,
And every fruit ſhall have plenty by land and by ſea;
Then the Sun and the Moon ſhall ſhine bright,
That many days afore dark have been,

And keep their courſe both day and night
With more mirth than men have ſeen,
As Berlington's books, and Baneſter us tells,
Merling, and many mo, that with marvels mells,
And alſo Thomas Rymer in his tales tells.

They ſay, the Saxons ſhall chooſe them a Lord,
That ſhall make them greatly to fall under:
The dead man ſhall riſe, and make them accord,
And this is much wonder and ſlight,
That he that was dead, and buried in ſight,
Shall riſe again and live in the land,
In comfort of a young Knight,
That Fortune hath choſen to be her Huſband,
The wheel ſhall turn to him full right,
That Fortune hath choſen to be her ſire:
In Surry ſhall he ſhew a ſight,
In Babylon bring many a bairn or beir,
Fifteen miles from Jeruſalem the holy croſs win ſhall he
The ſame Lord that bears the Lyon,
At Standford wan the gree,
Fortune hath granted him the Victory,
Since firſt that he arms bare:
For without treaſon or traitorie,
Deſtiny ſhall not him deir,
While kind of age till him drive,
For every man on Mold muſt die;
But end he ſhall in the land of Chriſt,
And in the vale of Joſaphat buried ſhall he be.

The Propheſie of Beid.

BEtwixt the chief of Summer and the ſaid Winter,
Before the heat of Harveſt happen ſhall a war,
That Europe's Lands earneſtly ſhall be wrought,
And earneſt envy ſhall laſt but a while:

But the Lyon with his luſty flowers,
For harm of hard heat ſhall hap him with leads:
Then ſpeed and ſpread him to Spain into Winter,
All flowers in the Forth ſhall follow him on.
Callender ſhall cry Cornwell the noble,
And inherit all Albany at his own will,
Envy to all Alliers anone to be wrocken,
Old Almoſcycianes, and Albany the ſame,
Shall recover caſtles and towers out of Saxons hands;
When Britoners ſhall bear them with brands of ſteel,
There ſhall no baſtard blood bide in theſe Lands.
Albanus that time King of the earth.
Albanactus King and Lord of the Land,
To the Lillie ſhall lean, and love none other.
The Lyon leader of all, and Lord of all beaſts,
Shall lean to the Lilly, and live him with;
And ſhall ſtir him to ſtrive by the ſtream of Humber,
The ſtepſons of the Lyon ſturdily of themſelves,
They ſhall ſtart up with ſtrife, and ſtir all at once,
And ſtrike down the ſtepſons and deſtroy them for ever:
Neither love they the Lilly nor the Lyon:
But the Lilly ſhall be looſe when they leaſt ween,
Then all ſhall happen to the Hart, happen as it may
And the tail of the Summer toward the Harveſt,
Be then the Lilly ſhall be looſed when they leaſt think,
Then clear Kings blood ſhall quake for fear of death,
For Churls ſhall chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carſe off the crowns that Chriſt hath anointed,
All this muſt deſtiny drive to an end.
An Eagle of the Eaſt, a venterous beaſt,
Shall be glad flowers to fang in the firſt ſeaſon,
And ſtir to the Stepſon, and ſtrike them together,
Bind hands brukle and bail to begin:
For he would Garlands get of theſe fair flowers,
That in the Summer ſeaſon ſpreads ſo fair:
But ſoon ſhall fail the freit that the fool thinks,
A fell Northern flaw ſhall fade him for ever.

Hereafter on either ſide, ſorrow ſhall riſe,
The Barges of clear Barrons down ſhall be ſunken
Seculars ſhall ſit in Spiritual ſeats,
Occupying Offices, anointed as they were.
The true title to purchaſe that the truth holds,
They ſhall torment them with torments anew.
Then Barrons ſhall buſk on their beſt wiſe.
Attour the Fells, to fair with a fey Fox bird;
Turn firſt to Chriſt with Tod's wyles
But ſoon the Tod ſhall be tint, and his Time loſed,
They ſhall eſcape ſuch a check, eſchew whoſo may,
Then ſhall the nobleſt eſcape with the Felles,
Yet ſhall the one Fox in the field eſcape:
The Falkon ſhall be looſed in his Wings.
Whoſo truſts not this tale, nor the tearm knows,
Let him on Merling mean, and his merry words.
As true Thomas told in his time after,
At Standfoord ſhall be ſeen example of their deeds:
Yet it muſt overdrive the Tod in his buſk.
Buſk thee now Berwick with thy broad Walls,
Thou ſhalt incline to thy King that is thy kind Lord
As ſainct Beid of that burgh in his Book ſays,
Thou ſhalt with the Lyon lean, and liſten for ever,
Though thou be ſubject to Saxons, ſorrow thou not
Thou ſhalt be louſed at laſt, believe thou in Chriſt,
And every language ſhall have his Lordſhip to brook.
It was not loſt but lent for a little time,
Bold Berwick be blyth with thy broad walls,
Thou ſhalt to the Lyon ſtoop as Lord of his own:
Let never the Libbert lippen longer a day,
In bold Britain to brook a foot-broad of earth,
Whoſo doubts of this deed, or denies hereon,
I do them well for to know the date is deviſed:
Take the formoſt of middle-earth, and mark by thy ſelf,
With four Creſcents, cloſed together:
Then of the Lyon, the longeſt ſee thou chooſe:
Looſe not the Lyoneſs, let her ly ſtill.

If thou cast through case course of the Heaven,
Take Sanct Andrews Cross thrice:
Keep well these teachments, as Clarks have told,
Thus begins the date, deem as thou likes,
Thou shalt not cease in that seat, assumed in the text,
Or the height of the heat neareſt the Winter,
No taile of the tearm will I thee tell,
But Chastity the Chiftain of their Chief wrongs,
Or in the height of the Harveſt, heard of thy self,
Shall wicked weird undo, and to the right.
And this ere I wiſt, I wakened anone!
Though I write as it was, wiſt I it not.

The Propheſie of Merling.

IT is to fall when they it find,
That fell on face, is fain to flee;
That Commedare of ſtordlings ſtriende,
Waving through the work of winde:
The Bear his muffell ſhall upbind,
And never after bound ſhall be,
Away the other ſhall weave with wind,
And as they come ſo ſhall they flee.
Syce ſhall up, and Sink ſhall under:
The dead ſhall riſe, and work great wonder:
And joy ſhall riſe to man and wife,
The ſorrowful ſhall ſtill of ſtrife.
All men ſhall joy of his Reſurrection,
And in ſpecial men of Religion.
The Morter is ready, the Peſtel alſo,
The Sauſe ſhall be bitter, and that to his foe,
And the Devils alſo ſhall helpen to.
Then the Banks of Beil ſhall bloom all about:
Then hie thee Hurcheon to Hales, and cloſe thee therein

Thou ſhall be werped with a wind, and plucked ilk pen,
Shall never down on thy ſkin nor birs be thee left,
The thunder ſhall work thy hold to the cold earth,
Shall never ſtone upon ſtone nor ground be thee left,
And ſo that wretched work is deſtroyed for ever.
There ſhall a Galyart Goat with a golden Horn,
A Pilledow, with a Toade, ſuch a prime Hold,
With their Peers in a Place by a Stream ſide;
To ſtrive with the ſtream, but they no ſtrength have.
For their moving they meet in the mid-way,
All the Grooms ſhall grounch by the way ſide,
And many bairns ſhall have his byth on the backſide,
And that marvel ſhall fall by a Fyrth-ſide;
Where the Leader of the Land ſhall his life loſe,
But that bargain ſhall brew in a bare Burgh,
That ſhall baniſh from Bliſs many bright Helme,
When it is breived of his back, and his brief known
Of dumb Organs dight, then may thou well deem
Of all the weil and the wealth before then was wrought;
With hunger and Hirſhip on every Hill.
Yet this wicked World ſhall laſt but a while;
While a Chiftain unchoſen chooſe forth himſelf,
And ride over the Region, and for Roy holden;
Then his ſcutifiers ſhall ſkail all the fair South,
From Dumbarton to Dover and deal all the lands,
He ſhall be Kid conqueror, for he is kind Lord
Of all Britain that bounds to the broad Sea, (after.
The conqueſſing ſhall be keeped and never conqueſt
By the coaſt ye ſhall know when the knight comes;
He has a mark in the middle, where no man may know;
When he is ſet in the Eaſt when the Sun riſeth:
He has a ſign ſhall ſhew on the South ſide.
Signum venenoſi ſanguinis de ventre matris ſuæ,
All Wales I wiſh ſhall wend with that Roy,
For to work his will, where he think would,
Guiane, Gaſkoigne, and Britane the blyth,
Shall buſk to his bidding on their beſt wiſe;

The whole men will help in his moſt hight,
Then ſhall he turn into Tuſkane but treaty or true,
And buſk him over the mountains on mid-winter even;
And then go to Rome, and rug down the walls,
And over all the Region Roy ſhall be holden.
Oft this book have I ſeen, and better thereafter,
Of marvelous Merling, but is waſted away,
With a wicked Woman wo might ſhe be.

The Propheſie of Berlington.

WHen the Ruby is raiſed, reſt is there none
But much rancour ſhall riſe in river and plain.
Much ſorrow is ſeen through a ſluth Hound,
That bears Horns in his Head like a wyld Hart:
Then a Brock ſhall make a braid on a broad field,
And an Hound ſhall bear a back with a brim face;
The ſlouthful Slouth-hound ſhall ſlay him forever,
Through a treaty of a true, a train ſhall be made,
That Scotland ſhall rue, and England for ever,
For the which Gladſmoor and Govanmoor gapes there-after.
Then ſhall the banks of Beil bloom all about.
Then hye the Hurcheon to Hales, and cloſe thee therein
Thou ſhall be warped with a wind and plucked ilk pen
Shall never down on thy ſkin, nor birs be thee left:
Thunder ſhall work thine hold to the cold earth:
Shall never ſtone upon ſtone, or ground be thee left
And ſo this wretched beaſt is deſtroyed for ever.

When Faith fails in Prelates ſaws,
And temporal Lords will hold new Laws,
And Lechery holden for privy Solace,
And Reef holden for good Purchaſe,
When Rome is divided in two Parts,
And every Prieſt hath the Popes Power:

Then ſhall the Land of Albany,
Be put to great Perplexity.
Man, Sin forthink, and Miſſe amend,
Dread God, do Law, think on the End.
Betwixt Temptallon and the Baſs,
Thou ſhall ſee a right fair Sight,
Of Barges and Billengers and many broad Sail,
With 3 Libberts and the Flower deluce hye upon hight;
And ſo the dreadful Dragon ſhall rise from his den
And from the deep doughty ſhall draw to the height.
Of Bruces Left-ſide ſhall ſpring out a Leafe,
As near as the ninth Degree,
And ſhall be ſteemed of fair Scotland:
In France far beyond the Sea:
And then ſhall come again riding,
With eyes that many men may ſee.
At Aberlady he ſhall light,
With hempen Helters and Horſe of Tree,
On Gosfoord Green it ſhall be ſeen,
On Gladſmoore ſhall the Battle be.
Now Albany thou make thee bown,
At his Bidding be thou prompt.
He ſhall deal both Tower and Town,
His Gifts ſhall ſtand for evermore.
Then boldly bownd thee thereafter,
Upon a broad Moore a Battle ſhall be,
Beſide a Stob-croſs of Stone,
Which on the Moore ſtands hie,
It ſhall be clearly clad over with Corps of Knights,
That the Crow may not find where the Croſs ſtood
Many wife ſhall weep, and Syce ſhall under:
The Dead ſhall riſe, and that ſhall be Wonder,
And tax him rudely in his ſhire ſhild,
For the great Comfort of a new King.
Now hie Powoke, with thy proud ſhowes,
Take thy Part of the Pelf when the Pack opens:
It ſhall not be Gladſmoore by the Sea,

It ſhall be Gladſmoore where ever it be,
And the little Lown that ſhall be,
Is betwixt the Lowmond and the Sea,
And well is the Man in all his Life,
That hath a Cote-houſe in Fife;
And yet once ſhall come the Day,
He would the Cote houſe were away.

And there ſhall come an Hound out of the South,
With him a Rayment of Ratches ruled right
And Actor for the keinly ſhall he come,
And in Fife ſhall fight, and the Field win:
Yet ſhall a Northern ſlaw fail him for ever,
And kill him to Confuſion, and return never.

And Eagle then ſhall come out of the North,
With a flock of Birds fair at the flight;
Which ſhall make many foot founder and fall.
Then ſhall a Ghoſt come out of the Weſt,
With him a fair Menye:
Upon the Eagle make him bowne:
But he ſo nye then ſhall he flee:
I cannot tell you what he height:
A Baſtard trow I beſt he be.
His Name ſhall not be expremed as now,
For he was gotten with a Lady in privity,
His doughty Deeds without all Doubt,
Shall comfort all his Company.

How ever it happened for to fall,
The Lyon ſhall be Lord of all.
The French wife ſhall bear the Son,
Shall weild all Britain to the Sea;
And from the Bruces Blood ſhall come,
As near as the ninth Degree.
Marvelous Merling, that many men of tells
And Thomas ſayings comes all at once:
Though their ſayings be ſelcouth; they ſhall be ſooth (found,
And there ſhall all our glading b

The Crow ſhall ſit upon a Stone,
And drink the gentle Blood ſo free;
Take of the Ribs, and bear to her Birds:
As God hath ſaid ſo muſt it be,
Then ſhall Ladies Lads wed,
And brook Caſtle and Towers hie.
Beid hath trieved in his Book and Baneſter alſo,
Marvelous Merling, and all accords in one:
Thomas the true, that never ſpake falſe
Conſents to their ſayings, and the ſame term has taken.
Yet ſhall there come a keen Knight over the ſalt ſea,
A keen Man of Courage and bold Man of arms:
A Dukes Son doubled, a born Man in France,
That ſhall our mirths amend, and mend all our bairns
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three there-(after
Which ſhall brook all the broad Iſle to himſelf
Betwixt 13 and thrice three, the threep ſhall be ended
The Saxons ſhall never recover after.
He ſhall be crowned in the Kith, in the Caſtle of Dover
Which wears the golden Garland of Julius Cæſar
More worſhip ſhall be win of greater worth,
Than ever Arthur himſelf had in his Days,
Many doughty Deeds ſhall he do thereafter,
Which ſhall be ſpoken of many Days better.

The Propheſie of Thomas Rymer.

STill on my ways as I went,
Out through a Land beſide a Lee,
I met a Bairn upon the way,
Me thought him ſeemly for to ſee,
I aſked him wholly his intent?
Good Sir, if your will be,
Since that ye bide upon the Bent,

Some uncouth Tidings tell you me:
When ſhall all theſe wars be gone?
That leil Men may live in Lee
Or when ſhall Falſhood go from Home?
And Lawghty blow his Horn on hie?
I looked from me not a Mile,
And ſaw two Knights upon a Lee,
They were armed ſeemly new,
Two Croſſes on their Breaſts they bare,
And they were clad in diverſe hew:
Of ſundry Countries as they were.
The one was red as any Blood,
Set in a ſhield a Dragon keen,
He ſtird his Steed as he were mad,
With crabbed words ſharp and keen.
Right to the other Bairn him by.
His Horſe was all of ſilver ſhine,
In it a ramping Lyon keen,
Seemly into Gold was ſet,
His border was of azur ſheen,
His ſhield was ſhaped right ſeemly:
With ſilk and ſable well was plet.
I looked from over a Gréen,
And ſaw a Lady on a Lee,
That ſuch a One had I never ſeen,
The Light of her ſhined ſo hie,
Attour the Moor whereat ſhe ſoore,
The Fields methought fair and green.
She rod upon a Steed full ſtoore,
That ſuch a One had I ſeldom ſeen,
Her Steed was white as any Milk,
His Top, his Tail, were both full blae,
A ſad ſaddle ſowed with ſilk;
As all were Gold it glittered ſae,
His Harnaſſing was of ſilk of Inde,
Set with precious ſtones free:
He ambled on a noble Kind;

Upon her head ſtood Crowns three,
Her garment was of gowels gay,
But other colour ſaw I none.
A flying fowl then I ſaw,
Light beſide her on a ſtone.
A ſtoop into her hand ſhe bare,
And holy water ſhe had readie,
She ſprinkled the field both here and there,
Said here ſhall many dead corps lye,
At yon bridge upon yon burn,
Where the water runs bright and ſheen.
There ſhall many ſteeds ſpurn,
And Knights dye through battle keen.
To the two Knights then did ſhe ſay,
Let be your ſtrife my Knights free,
Ye take your horſe, and ride your way,
As GOD hath ordain'd, ſo muſt it be.
Saint Andrew thou haſt the right:
Saint George thou art mine own Knight:
Thy wrongous Heirs ſhall work thee wo.
Now are they on their ways gone,
The Ladie and the Knights two:
To that Beirn then can I ment,
And aſked tydings by my fay.
What kind of light was that, I ſaid,
Thou ſheweſt to me upon yon lee?
Or wherefrom came yon Knights two?
They ſeemed of a far Country.
That Ladie that I let thee ſee,
That is the Queen of Heaven ſo bright,
The fowl that flew by her knee,
That is ſaint Michael, much of might;
The Knights two the field to ta,
Where many men in field ſhall fight:
Know you well it ſhall be ſa,
That die ſhall many a gentle Knight,
With death ſhall many a doughty deal,

The Lord ſhall be then away,
There is none Herrel that can tell,
Who ſhall win the field that day.
A Crowned King in arms three,
Under the Banner ſhall be ſet:
Two falſe and fained ſhall be,
The third ſhall light and make great let.
Banners five again ſhall ſtrive,
And come in on the other ſide:
The white Lyon ſhall beat them down,
And work them wo with wounds wide.
The Bears head with the red Lyon
So ſweetly into red Gold ſet.
That day ſhall ſlay the King with Crown
Though many Lords make great let.
There ſhall attour the water of Forth,
Set in Gold the red Lyon.
And many Lords out of the North,
To that battle ſhall make them bown,
There ſhall Creſcents come full keen,
That wears the Croſs as red as blood;
On every ſide ſhall be ſorrow ſeen,
Defouled is many doughty food.
Beſide a loch upon a lee,
They ſhall aſſemble upon a day,
And many dough y men ſhall die.
Few in quiet ſhall be found away.
Our Scotiſh King ſhall come full keen,
The red Lyon beareth he:
A feddered arrow ſharp I ween,
Shall make him wink, and warre to ſee,
Out of the field he ſhall be led,
When he is bloody and wo for blood;
Yet to his men then ſhall he ſay,
For God's love turn you again,
And give yon Southern folk a fray:
Why ſhould I loſe? the right is mine,

My date is not to die this day.
Yonder is falſhood fled away,
And laughty blowes his horn on hie;
Our bloody King that wears the Crown,
Full boldly ſhall the battle bide.
His Banner ſhall be beaten down,
And hath none hold his head to hide.
The ſterns three that day ſhall die;
That bears the Hart in ſilver ſheene:
There is no Riches, Gold nor fee,
May lengthen his life an hour I ween.
Thus through the field that Knight ſhall ride,
And twice reſcue the King with crown,
He ſhall make many a banner yield.
The Knight that bears the Tods three,
He will by force the field to tae;
Bnt when he ſees the Lyon die,
Think ye well he will be wae.
Beſide him lights beirns three,
Two are white, the third is blae,
The Tods three ſhall ſlay the two,
The third of them ſhall make him die.
Out of the field ſhall go no more;
But one Knight and Knaves three.
There comes a banner red as blood.
In a ſhip of ſilver ſheen,
With him comes many ferly food,
To work the Scots much hurt and woe.
There comes a Ghoſt out of the Weſt,
Is of another language than he;
To the battle bowns him beſt,
As ſoon as he the Seryour can ſee;
The Raches works them great wanreſt,
Where they are rayed on a lee:
I cannot tell who hath the beſt,
Each one of them makes other die.
A white Swan ſet into blae,

Shall ſemble from the South ſea,
To work the northern folk great woe,
For know you well thus ſhall it be,
The ſtaiks aught with ſilver ſet,
Shall ſemble from the other ſide,
Till he and the Swan be met;
They ſhall work woe with wounds wide,
Through wounds wide their weeds hath wet,
So boldly will their beirns hide,
It is no reck who gets the beſt.
They ſhall both die in that ſame tide.
There comes a Lord out of the north,
Riding upon a horſe of tree,
That broad lands hath beyond Forth;
The white Hind beareth he,
And two Raches that are blew,
Set into gold that is ſo free,
That day the Eagle ſhall him ſtay,
And then put up his Banner hie.
The Lord that bears the Loſans three,
Set into Gold with Gowels two:
Before him ſhall a battle be,
He wears a Banner that is blew,
Set with Peacocks tails three,
And luſty Ladies heads two:
Unfain of one, each other ſhall be,
All through grief together they go,
I cannot tell who wins the gree,
Each one of them ſhall other ſlay.
The Eagle gray ſet into green,
That wears the Harts heads three,
Out of the South he ſhall be ſeen,
To light and ray him on a lee:
With fifty five Knights that are keen,
And Earls either two or three,
From Carlil ſhall come bedeen:
Again ſhall they it never ſee,

At Pinkin Cleugh there ſhall be ſpilt
Much gentle blood that day,
There ſhall the Bear loſe the gylt,
And the Eagle bear it away.
Before the water men calls Tyne,
And there over lays a Bridge of ſtone,
The Bears three ſhall loſe the gree,
There ſhall the Eagle win his name.
There comes a beaſt out of the Weſt,
With him ſhall come a fair menye,
His Banner hath been ſeldom ſeen,
A baſtard trow I beſt he be;
Gotten with a Ladie ſheen
And a Knight in privitie.
His arms are full eath to know,
The red Lyon beareth he;
That Lyon ſhall forſaken be,
And be right glad to be away:
Into an Orchard on a lee,
With herbs green and allies gray,
There will he enlaked be,
His men ſays, harmeſay;
The Eagle puts his Banner on hie,
And ſays, the field he won that day,
There ſhall the Lyon ly full ſtill,
Into a valley fair and bright:
A Lady ſhouts with words ſhril,
And ſays, Wo worth thee coward Knight,
Thy men are ſlain upon yon hill,
To dead are many doughty dight,
Thereat the Lyon liketh ill,
And raiſeth his Banner hie on hight;
Upon the Moore that is ſo gray,
Beſide an headleſs croſs of ſtone:
There ſhall the Eagle die that day
And the red Lyon win the name.
The Eagles three ſhall loſe the gree:

That they have had this many a day:
The red Lyon ſhall win renown,
Win all the field and bear away.
One Crow ſhall come, another ſhall go,
And drink the gentle Blood ſo free.
When all theſe ferlies were away,
Then ſaw I none, but I and he:
Then to the beirn could I ſay,
Where dwells thou; Or in what country?
Or who ſhall rule the Iſle Britain,
From the North to the South ſea:
The French wife ſhall bear the Son,
Shall rule all Britain to the ſea:
That of the Bruces blood ſhall come
As near as the ninth degree.
I framed faſt, what was his name?
Whence that he came? from what Country?
In Erſlingtown, I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymer men call me.

The Propheſie of Waldhave.

UPon Lowdon Law alone as I lay
Looking to the Lennox, as me lief thought,
The firſt Morning of May, Medicine to ſeek,
For malice and melody, that moved me ſore.
I lyed down, and leaned me, and liſted well ſleep,
Upon the height of an hill as the voice bade.
And as I lyed down, and heilded mine eyes,
So heard I an hoarſe voice, and an hie cry,
That bad me, Waldhave beware, and me well keep
For fear of a wild beaſt, that his weird dries.
Therewith I ſtoniſht, ſtood, and ſtart on my feet,
And ſained me on every ſide, as the voice bad,

Then I looked but let, lightly me frae,
And ſaw an hirſal in hie, of hares together,
An hundred I hope, well wholly there was:
Then of Foxes, a flock, fully five ſcore:
All following on a fierce beaſt, that rudely them chaſt,
That was all wood through weird woful to ſee.
Right ragged and rent, and riven in pieces:
A battle with like baſtoun, he bore on his broad lufes,
Like a brimful beirn, battle to make.
He thought to effray, and them faſt preſſed,
As he in fold would them fang, firm at his will:
But when he ſaw me with ſight, ſoon he them left,
And when he ſhundered away, no more I them ſaw.
Then groaning grimly, he girt to me ſoon,
As gerrert the great ſhrew had done for the nonce,
He ſtruck faſt with his ſtaff, and ſtoniſht me ſore.
But I keeped him by Chriſt, with a keen weapon,
That was my ſword till I ſwat, ſwinging me about
And a buckler well broad, that keeped me beſt,
So freſhly he forced me meet for to make,
That he ſhundred on the fold, and his feet ſnappered,
The baſton on the bent ſore braſed him ſrae.
And I but baid on his breaſt, bowned my ſelf;
All groffling on the ground graciouſly him held,
Through grace of the great God, that had me warned
He yelped, he yalmered, and youled loud.
And ſtruggled faſt his ſtrength, and ſtruck upon loft,
But I held him by the hair as mine hap was
And height to hurt him full ſore, but he him ſtill held;
And conjured him by Chriſt, and his Mother dear,
That he ſhould ſhew me to his kith and kin.
But long was it that he lay ere he ſpeak might,
And at the laſt he can leave, and lightly he ſaid,
Waldhave wit thou, that well hath thee happened;
Thou thought not that thy weird this wrought ſhould be
But let me riſe of this race, and reſt thee beſide?
And I ſhall readily, without riot, thee marvels tell:

Great grace haſt thou gotten, that got me this time,
I ſhall grieve thee no more, ſo is thy grace turned.
But yet I truſted not his tale while he his truth gave
By the law and the lead, that he lived on;
That I ſure ſhould be, and ſafe, and none ill betide,
Then let I him riſe, and leaned on his ſhoulder,
And great marvel on his face, and his form had,
He was formed like a freik all his four quarters:
And then his chin and his face haired ſo thick,
With hair growing ſo grim, fearful to ſee,
I frained at him foremoſt, the fear of himſelf,
Why his figure and his face was ſo ſearce made?
If wearie of the world? or what him ailed?
He girned, he gaſped, and groaned full ſore,
Wept with his gray eyes, ſuddenly he ſaid,
Good game all the day, is as God will:
For he is grieved through my guilt, and I no grace
My wild wanton will, and my miſdeeds, (ſerved,
I may know of all woe, and my weird alas?
Becauſe of my ſin, that I ſerved ever,
Hath this ſorrow, and this ſight ſent unto me,
By trouble of my kin, that I am off come,
Hath me turned into this care, and careful me made:
That I have no hope of help, ſo help me our Lord,
While he that put me in grief once grace ſend.
Frain thou no further of my foot lets.
Of other works, as I wat, aſk if thou likes:
Thine etling thou aſk may, for anſwer I ſhall.
In Woods and Wilderneſs, where my way lies
That I hearkened and heard, I height thee to ſay,
Then frained I fearcely of this frivole world:
What to be of war, if he wiſt ought;
Or who ſhould weld us in this world, that ſorrow dree?
To give us of good will, and get us to peace?
If there is fruits in this world, that ſo much worth is?
Should have fuſion or force, and any fair after?

And then he looked to the ground, and wept all a while
And he groaned for grief, weeping he ſaid,
Much anger and evil hath this Iſle chooſed,
All through Oggered and Ciſt, and Elvines Knight.
Brutus thy bairntime has much bail choſen,
Since firſt in Britain to leind thou was brought:
Sickneſs and ſorrow, and ſoreneſs ſet with ſyth,
When thou ſembled to the Sea, under ſail ſound:
Noraway hath neddered them, and to meed brought:
That hath newed their names, and named themſelves
Engliſh, that are Eaſtfood, and Edryons bairns,
But all the anger that they made, their own ſhall be,
That Weſtmoorland, wo mot thee betide;
For thou with war and thy wrong bairns;
When thou mels with the Mers and mixed with the ſame
Much malice and miſchief thou made for thy ſelf.
Beirns and Banners thou brought upon loſt,
With burning and bail hath wrought ſorrow,
Carlile thy Captains hath much wo wrought: (little:
Thou ſhalt compelled be with care, thou thinks it but
Thou ſhalt thy gates yarn, thou yarns not thereafter:
Thou ſhalt yaimur and yell that all York ſhall it hear:
Then the town ſhall be tint trow thou not elſe:
Thy tops and thy turnats tumbled to the ground,
No falſe fortune ſo fell has thee at feed,
That force ſhall fail thee when thou beſt thinkeſt,
And lipens on London to lead thee for ever,
On Linton and Lindſay, and Lancaſter ſhires,
There ſhall a Lyon be looſed that a Lord is,
Both of London and of Lorn, as the law will,
He ſhall alleage to be Leige, and the law make:
Leave nought upon loft, but waſte them for ever.
All the ſtrengths of the Coſt, and Caſtles every one
He ſhall incloſe them to his Crown and over them come,
Burgane, Bamburgh, as he by rides:
And Butlings beat it down and burn it for ever,
The water ſhall welcome him, and the waves of the ſea:

While he have won in hie all that he thinks.
Through his truth upon Tweed, ſhall be turned after,
If who will count the time of the year,
If even-ecking the hour, and the day come,
And angred forevermore, this old men deviſes,
Needleſs thou Norham for nought that thou look'ſt,
There is a Neker in the North thy neſt ſhall deſtroy:
Thou ſhalt be waſted of thy works for thy wrong deeds
There ſhall no warrand thee weir, that thou winks after:
A black Bear, and a Brock, and a Bull head,
A Boar whelp, with a Brock, and a broad head (forſooth
Shall them bound in their bours and beat them down
And build them up their walls, as they beſt think.
Red Roxburgh thy role, and reddy thee bown,
Thy root is now raiſed up, and rotten in under:
Three Ravens and a Rook ſhall on thy rock ſit,
And rolp ſhall they, that Rome ſhall it hear.
From Roſs to Roſdeen was that right may be,
Redy the Reſcours, thou reſts no more,
For it is but reaſon the rights and rents be gathered.
What jangleſt thou Jedburgh? thou jags for nought,
There ſhall a guilful groom dwell thee within,
The Tower that thou truſts in, as the truth is,
Shall be traced with a trace, trow thou none other:
The new Caſtle is keen, keeped full well,
Thereto take ye good heed, nor come not therein:
A bird with a hand bow ſhall the heird keep,
Hie in an holine, and in an hair wood,
Both his horns ſhall he hang, and haſte him therewith
Dreſs thee now Dumbar, and do for the time,
Thou haſt a dread for the Drake, that thee drown would
Thine heels are ſo hard ſet, with halmers of ſteel,
Well heavy therefore, hold thee full ſtill,
The new work, that is next on the North ſtream
Shall caſt a blink to the Baſs, when the blink ſhines
Be it guided with wit, and will be no waiſter.
There ſhall no waiſter it weild, nor none evil doer.
Hailes, hold thee at home, ſo hold I it beſt,

For hap thou to Hailidown, thou art hurt for ever:
There is an Hurtchen in an Hurſt, in Heriot moor
Hath marred the Myrſnap in Minto Craigs:
That hath Manſions moved Maugre of his teeth.
Dirlton and Dalteith, they dread no more elſe,
But the Down and the Dow that the Drake leads:
The Dragon they drown wold but deviſe of France,
Doth for them doughtily, as he hath done ever;
Edinburgh that old Craig is ordered full ſore
For the awe of the Erne that in the Eaſt builds,
He hath a Falcons feire, that in far Lands,
Both his feddering and his flight, and his flight gathered
Needleſs they noy them, that is for nought;
For they never in the neſt ſhall nouriſh their birds.
Striveling that ſtrait place, a ſtrength of the land,
Why with Strabrock and Strathern ſtrives thou to yarn,
When Strabogie ſhall deſtroy all the Straiberies;
The ſtrands of Strabrock ſhall ſtream them with blood,
Three Storks in a ſtall ſhall ſtand them before,
Stuffed all in ſteel weed, all on horſe back:
Their ſtoutneſs ſhall ſtint and ſtoniſh themſelves,
For ſtroaks ſo ſtrive ſhall ſtent them within.
Do now Dumbarton, while thy days laſt:
A wretched cloud in the weſt, as Elders thee call:
For thou art in a Craig, thou now care dreads
Bear thee well to Bothwel, and build it up all.
Then Crawford and Cumnock, with clean men of arms
Let not light the lois leap out of town:
For thou art Lord of the Lands, and a new Alban King,
To Dowglas now do well, and it dear hold:
For Dowglas the dowghty may endure well,
Deal the beſt of the lands, that longeth thee to,
Feed them with fairneſs, and with fair words,
Fy on the ſellowſhip that hath a falſe end.
Cative and curſt men are cumbered for ever,
There may no cative by Chriſt this kindred defend,
Laughty and largeneſs are two love things,
He that his life gave, loves them well.

Knights and Chriſten men thereto heed take,
Caſt the curſt men in care, but they to Chriſt turn,
Think on Dumbarton the bold in old birns time,
That thou art [illegible] a beeld, and in that land chief,
Thou ſhall take heed to this token that I ſhall thee tell,
Believe it is as truly as it were written:
When the Lowmond Law ſhall its leave take,
From the Land of Lennox, and leave it for ever;
Leap lightly with Loup, and look thee about,
And mantle all the Craig with a tower wall.
With Barges and Balengers to ruſh at the gates.
That both Fiſh and Fowl that on flight goes.
Be ſtirred up freſhly, and fair them within,
Then is Dumbarton burnt all to powder,
And all in a cloud: thy war ended for ever.
And if ye fail of this freit after xiii. years,
Yeair ye yalply, and yairn ye no more.
The Caſtle of Carrick, that on a craig ſtands,
Shall cry upon Cumnock for a true neſt:
That into Clidſdail coaſt clevers full faſt,
In an Holine ſo hie by an elf buſk.
Then ſhall the Galloway Grooms get on their Mares,
Three tods and terſell ſhall tene all the woods:
From Tynemouth to Tultie, and be toll free:
But a Goſhalk of growth, ſhall grieve him then,
And get on a gray mare, that in graſs reſts.
In a gow of Gowrie by a gray ſtone,
He ſhall tulie both the tods, and the tub alſo,
And with the teind that is taken, turn into France.
Two Wethers and a Wolf ſhall the field make,
Betwixt a Yow and a Lamb that leads the flock,
Before Butler the bargane ſhall begin:
All it is bootleſs his bages he ript.
Then ſhall the Yle of Roſay be rank ful of ſide buſhes,
Then each man rews them, for ruth of his heart,
That would rend from the roode, and no reſt thole.
A Cative in a craig ſhall a tower build,
And cry to Craig-Fergus the Craw done is ever,

For a book in but, as a Bull horne,
Bound with a bugle, blow when he likes,
A proud Pown in a preſs lordly ſhall light;
With Piots and Pillidows pudled in the Crown,
Plain power of the Pope muſt the Pown have,
To pluck and to puniſh, and part him about.
A Pyot ſhall partly appeal him again
For his part of the Pelf, and the Pown wrong.
There ſhall much ſorrow and ſtrife ſtir them once,
That ſhall the Sterlings trouble, that ſtirs with wings,
An hare with an Hurcheon and the Hinde calf,
Shall hie them in holy land, and hold them therein,
While a gray hound them grype, on the Greek ſea,
And go with them grievouſly, where him lief likes;
There ſhall no gaming them glee, while the gray hound
Gryp the gray hound, and grieve him full ſore,
And buffet him bitterly, then bite him with war,
Go muſing upon Merling if thou wilt,
For I mean for no more, man at this time.
Then I ſtudied ſtood and him held ſtill:
Then he could ſturdily ſtir, with his broad eyes;
But I couth further fraine, for his fathers ſoul;
If ever Frieck on his ſold formed himſelf;
That he ſhould witter me ſome way if he wiſt ought,
What of this world and this war ſhould after betide.
Then as a Lyon he looked me on,
Like as he leep would and rent me in ſunder.
He ſaid, weens thou Waldhave, I ween into Heaven
That I may in this world all my wit have.
No, thou getſt that of God, there gains none other,
To whom he gives the grace they are of good life:
But this tale that I tell you, ye ſhall truſt it well.
It is tratling, but truth, the ſooth thee to ſay,
I moved into my mind how the ſooth ſtand,
Muſe on as thou may, the matter tho fraines
Thou ſins if thou freienes friand farther I tell,
I have enough Waldhave my way for to make,
Here in wilderneſs I dwell, my weird for to dree.

Waldhave conjured the Spirit to ſhew much more of ſundry things to come, as followeth.

BUt ſomewhat ſhall I ſay as ſooth I heard,
Amongſt ſiedges unſound that over ſooth is:
Three Mairs of the Mers, ſhall mary themſelves,
With the Mertricks of Mur that they much much Lyra.
Thoſe brime beaſts wild, ſhall byte full bold,
To baile and to barter bairns anew.
Then ſhall be firſt with the Bucks head,
The other a Bear that is brime, ſhall brue much care,
The third a Bull with a Bear that bears horns.
Hudge and hideous on every ſide high,
Theſe three ſhall raike and reve in the wild North,
There ſhall none other ride theſe ryotous beaſts:
A Cock with a keen comb ſhall compaſs them with
All whole the wayes where the land lyes,
With ſuch a ſcreik and cry ſhall their kind riſe.
That the Kinrik be Chriſt ſhall be cumbered thereof:
But the happier half ſhall the Cock have;
For he is higher of head and hurts the leſs,
Theſe falſe Lurdans life laſts but a while,
Till three Liberts in a ling from London ſhall come,
And lean toward Lothian in Linlithgow ſhire,
Toward Glaſgow they go, graithly thereafter,
Attour the hills where the ways lyes,
And on Govor moor graithed them to ſleep,
Then a Lyon as a Lord ſhall leap them among,
And learn them a leſſon though their loath think
Fell Felconds in field ſhall they ſey worth,
And their formales ſo far ſteemed for ever:

Then Purvey thee Powock with thy proud ſhawes,
Thou ſhalt have part of the Pelf, when the pack opens.
Then a Chiftan unchoſen, ſhall chooſe forth himſelf,
And ride through the Realm, and Roy ſhall be called;
Then ſhall Wales worthily dwell upon loft,
And chooſe them a chief Lord of Royalty holden,
Scots heirs of Scotland ſhall ſcale them full wide.
In Humber ſhall brulye, their right for to have,
Greſſon and Godrant that were great Lords,
They wre traylied in that time with untrue folk,
Heaven, and even heirs of the Land,
Shall rent them, and reel in their way,
And noy all the Noraways that has them wrong wrought.
When dead ſhall riſe, and marvels ſhew,
Look him flat in face, and none ſhall him know:
Then the Lillie to liele with notable bairns,
Send bodwart in Britane to the bairn bold,
Bids him blythly abide in battle joynt,
Then a Lyon ſhall leap looſe out of hands:
The ſixth out of Ireland, nobleſt of deeds,
But when he is looſe, then reſt is there none,
When the Syce is up, and the Sink under,
Then ſhall the dead riſe, and work great wonder.
Among kind men in Kyth kindle ſhall care,
There ſhall a counſel ſit that ſhall whole banks bear,
Then Saxons are ſet with ſubtile thoughts,
And proves partly to prick with pairty faces,
And Wales warps up with wonderful deeds:
And Ireland helps that head to his moſt hight:
And all Yorkſhire ſhall help, prove when he likes,
He ſhall bind him to hide, with bairns anew.
Enter up at a ſide, where the ſea fills,
In his own kind ground, where that he was born,
With dignity and dear men that him well loves.
For to conqueſt the clear Crown of Englands line.
But all would fail, were not force that the fool thinks
He ſhould be ſo ſubtilly ſold, were not Chriſt would,

That this dolorous date muſt drive to an end:
And the baſtards blood left is for ever.
Then in Britain, that day ſee who ſo will,
Shall never baſtard brook a foot broad of earth?
He ſhall be hurled and harled, and haſted to death,
With a wolf out of Wales, and bring him out of days,
And conqueſt the clear Crown of Englands right.
He ſhall bring all England into good peace:
Whi e an Hunter ſhall riſe, and rign in the North,
Rax up his banners with riotous beirnes.
For ſafety and ſupply of Bruces lands,
Much ſturt and ſtriſe ſhall ſtiere a while,
From the North to the South ſea, who ſo liſt:
For when the towers of Torin is tumbled in the ſand
With hunger and hard life and falſhood on loft,
Within ſeven years after great wonder ſhall be ſeen,
By that the Libberts race is faſtly at an end.
Then the Lillie ſo leil ſhall lend in his hands:
And to the Lyon ſhall get Lordſhips great;
For the Lyon ſhall arrive at Carlile,
And leap on the land, as Lord of the Ground,
He ſhall leind in the Land, with his leif beirnes,
And lame the Libberts leap one day after,
In bold Britane to brook, the date is near paſſed.
That King ſhall deal and part all the broad lands,
To the Bruces blood, and other bold Knights,
That ſhall go with the way to the wengin of Chriſt,
In the Vale of Joſaphat ſeen ſhall he be.
Where many Saryans ſhall quake with their hearts
When the dead man ſhall riſe, and ſhew them a ſight,
As Marvelous Merling hath ſaid of before.
Take heed to this tale, that I now thee tell,
And truſt it is as truly as it were written;
When that falſhood hath foot and freedom is loſt,
And Covetous hath the Kyth at his own will;
When Laughty is laid low under foot,
And kindneſs is courteſie nis friend to beguile;

And no truth ſhall be ſhewed unto Chriſtian lands,
But all bent to deceit, and none truſt other,
Not the Father the Son in his bodily oaths,
Holy Kirk ſhall have no girth, but plainly overturned;
And Lechery on loft, and none ſpare other;
And each blood with other knits together,
The Law of our Saviour is quite forgotten.
This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
That the Hare ſhall hirple on the hard ſtone,
In hope of grace, but grace gets ſhe none.
Then Gladſmoore and Govan ſhall gape thereafter,
Think not long on this loſs, for it is near hand,
When the Lamb is looſe, that the holy Kirk keeps,
Then Falſhood is ſet in Seeges of Rome,
And works for the warrand that the cure wan;
Many Seeges ſhall ſigh within ſhort time after,
And many marvels ſhall be ſeen within ſhort time.
When the mouth of Arran the top hath overturned,
Then ſhall Dumbarton mell of old done deeds:
And ſo ſhall Arran hop in a new mans hands:
In hope of Dunbar, when Hails ſhall hault,
When the Hunter ſhall come with his kind Ratches,
Hunt Fotherick and Fyfe and the field win.
When Summer is Winter, and winter is weet,
When warping wind and tempeſt great,
Then falſhood is ready his friend to beguile,
With hunger and hirſhip over all the broad lands,
Then ſhall the poor people be ſpilled full near,
The Leed with the lucken Hand is brought out of days,
Subtilly his life ſhall loſe and many another,
And many doughty ſhall die for that deed:
And many Leed in the North ſhall their life loſe,
For covetous and treaſon them loſes the land:
Many a wife and maiden ſhall wring both their hands,
Before this wicked war be brought to an end.
The firſt root of this war ſhall riſe in the North,
That the iſles and Ireland ſhall mourn for them both.

And the Saxons ſeaſed into Brutes lands.
When the Moon is dark in the firſt of the Number,
With four creſcents to eke forth the days,
And thrice ten, is ſelcouth to ſee,
With an L to lowſe out the reſt of the number;
Syne let three and two Thrieps as they will,
This is the true date that Merling of tells,
And gave to King Uter Arthurus father.
And for to meen and muſe with theſe merry words,
For once Britain ſhall be in a new Knights hands,
Whoſe hap to bide ſhall ſee with his eyes,
And Merling and Waldhave have ſaid of before,
And true Thomas told in his time after:
As Saint Beid in his book brieved the ſame,
Mute on, if ye may, for miſter ye have.
I ſhall give you a token, that Thomas of tells,
When a lad with a lady ſhall go over the fields,
And many fair thing weeping for dread,
For love of their dear friends lies looking on hills,
That it ſhall be woe for to tell the teind of their ſorrow,
Then ſhall be waſted their chief lands.
Where God curſes with this mouth, dead muſt follow.
Not wot thou Waldhave, my will is way to paſs,
To wood wilderneſs, where my way lyes;
Then is Libberts three lamed for ever:
And the Lyon ſhall be Lord and leader forſooth,
And all Britain the broad ſhall him bow to,
Aud his barnage bold ſhall him bliſs keep.
Then ſhall fruit well and faſſion of corn,
If freedom and friendſhip his fyance be holden:
Cry ye Chriſten men on Chriſt, and honour our King,
Of all cures and cares, in this coaſt angers.
And thus he ſundereed me fra, I frained no longer,
But I marvelled faſt at his fair head.
I ſtudied right ſtablely, all ſtoniſht thereof,
That I winked ere I wiſt, and wrought upon ſleep.

And when I wakened, written I found,
All theſe words on war, wanted there none,
Brieved on a broad book, and on my breaſt laid.
Bleſſed be the Briever that the book wrote,
Then can I make mo to muſe, and melling therewith,
The firſt morning of May, this marvel I ſaw,
As I lay mine alone on Loudon Law,
Looking to the Lennox as me leif thought,

The Propheſie of Gildas.

When holy Kirk is wracked, and will has no wit,
And Paſtors are pluckt and pild without Pity
When Idolatry is in Ens and Re;
And ſpiritual Paſtors are vexed and away,
And all Eſtates in ſight are unknown,
Becauſe of their clothing, cunning or craft,
Spiritually ſuſpended, ſubverted and ſuſpected,
Denying their duty to God, and their debt,
Promped up like Princes, as the Peacock proud,
Refuſing their Religion, and their right rule;
Then in the North a wicked wind ſhall blow,
That all the Realm ſhall rue right ſoon thereafter,
They gray hound ſhall be grieved and driven at under,
And tramped for his truth to whom he kept truſt.
The kindeſt of his Kith ſhall not him know,
But him and his miſknow that ever they never knew,
Then ſhall many ferly fall right ſoon after,
And from Caithneſs to Dover ſhall walk but war,
And mourn for his misfortune, that failed ſo ſoon.
But better mourn for themſelves, for need they have.
Hales, when thou halteſt herple not but hold thee,
If thou ſpeakeſt where you ſpoke, it ſhall able ſkald thee:
The barred Lyon lawleſs at thee ſhall be grieved,

Shall ſearch and ſeek thee, to deſtroy thee for ever;
Yet ſhall a beirn from Barwick buſk him and bown,
And ſearch the treading of trwes that were afore tane.
By the heedleſs people, that held at their own hand,
The holes whole, and the Heards had deſtroyed.
Reaſon ſhall be ſought, and granted ſhall be none;
The movers thereof ſhall mene and may not mend.
Then ſhall the Counſel which cumbered hath the Kith
Call for comfort, but long they may crave;
They marked to the higheſt, and to overhale the old:
But all in vain they work, they ſhall not prevail;
They ſhall work unwiſe, and wit ſhall they lack.
Then waried their weird, that ever they were wrought,
Then ſhall the Ratches in this Region take,
And run their race rudely but any return,
The beſt of the Kyth ſhall cry for ſupport:
But ſcarce ſhall they riſe, they ſhall be ſo ſweir;
The Hound which was harmed, then miſſed ſhall be,
Who loved him worſt, ſhall weep for his wrack.
Yet ſhall a whelp riſe out of the ſame race.
That rudely ſhall rair, and rule the whole North,
And quite the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
Though he from his Hold be kept back a while,
The Cock dare not crow, though it be his kind,
But keep himſelf cloſe, while come ſhall his time.
Prepare thee Edinburgh, and pack up thy packs;
Thou ſhalt be left void, be thou lief or loath;
Becauſe thou art variant, and ſteemed thy faith,
Through envy and covetouſneſs, that cumbred thee ever
True Thomas me told in a troubleſome time,
In an harveſt morning at Eldom Hills.

The Propheſie of the Engliſh Chronicles.

THERE ſhall proceed an holy Heremite in King Eltridus time; in this Manner in the book of King Henry the ſixth, ſaying, Theſe Engliſhmen, foraſmuch as they uſe to drunkenneſs, treaſon, and careleſneſs of God's Houſe; Firſt by the Danes, then by the Normans, and the third time by the Scots, that they hold the moſt wretches, and the leaſt worth of all other, they ſhall be overcome and vincuſt. Then the world ſhall be unſtable.

The Propheſie of Sybilla and Eltraine.

WHen the Goat with the Golden horn is choſen to the Sea,
The next year thereafter Gladſmoor ſhall be.
Whoſo likes likes for to read
Marvellous Merling and Beid,
In this manner they ſhall proceed.
Of things unknown,
The truth now to record:
And from the date of our Lord,
Though that it be ſhown;
Take a thouſand in calculation,
And the longeſt of the Lyon;
Four Creſcents under one Crown,

With Sanct Andrew's Croſs thrice:
Then threeſcore and thrice three,
Take heed to Merling truly;
Then ſhall the wars ended be,
And never again riſe.
In that year there ſhall a King,
A Duke and no crowned King,
Becauſe the Prince ſhall be young,
And tender of years.
Much ſorrow and ſtrife,
Shall be in Lowthian and Fife,
Through the Fulmarts falſe fears.
The Maudragill Moldiwarte,
Through the ſupply of the fained Hart,
And launcing of the Libbert, Linked in a laice:
In Fife and Lowthian ſhall ſtand,
With many Bow, Bill, and brand,
And burn and flay all from hand,
Without any grace.
Then comes the Anthelope,
The blind Moldiwarte to ſtop:
With many Senyours in a ſop: Forth of all Airtes,
The Lyon ramping at the Royes,
With the Pronye, and the Papingoes:
And many Knights for to cloyes,
Shall come from the South.
The ſaddled Horſe ſhall be ſeen,
Tyed to a tree green,
And with a viſa la fine,
In a bag ſhall be born:
Syne two Ships in a Shield,
That day ſhall fit the field,
To be the Anthelops bield,
And fetch him beforn.
The Bears head, and the Brock,
The Beam, and bloody Yoke,

Three Creſcents, and a Cock,
Shall come from the North.
They ſhall come to the broyle,
And Knights keenly ſhall toyle,
For love of the Sinkefoyle,
And fight upon Forth.
When the Battles draws near,
In their ſight ſhall appear,
A Navy of men of Warre
Approaching at hand.
Then put their men in ordinance,
With five hundreth Knights of France,
And a Duke, them to advance,
To be in the Vanguarde.
And to the Anthelope ſhall liend;
And take him eaſily to friend;
Then the Libbert ſhall be tiend,
And deſperate of bliſs.
Scots and French ſhall take a part,
With a proud haitrent heart:
And ſhall upon the Moldewarte
Ere they diſſever.
His bow to him ſhall be no beild,
All his Knights ſhall be killed:
Himſelf is ſlain in the field,
And vincuſt for ever.
Thus ſhall the Wars ended be;
Then Peace and Policie,
Shall reign in Albanie,
Still without end.
And whoſo likes to look,
The deſcription of this Book,
This writes Beid, who will look,
And ſo doth make an ende

Here followeth a Propheſie pronouneed by a noble Queen and Matron, called *Sybilla*, Regina *Auſtri*, That came to *Solomon*. Through the which ſhe compiled four Books, at the Inſtance and Requeſt of the ſaid King *Solomon* and others: And the fourth Book was directed to a noble King called *Baldwin*, King of the broad Iſle of *Britane*. Of the which ſhe maketh mention of two noble Princes and Emperours, the which is called *Liones*, of theſe two ſhall ſubdue and overcome all earthly Princes to their Diadem and Crown, and alſo be glorified and crowned in Heaven among Saints. The firſt of theſe two is *Conſtantinus Magnus* that was *Leproſus*, the Son of Saint *Helen*, that found the Croſs. The ſecond is the ſixth King of the Name of the *Stewart* of *Scotland*, the which is our moſt noble King.

B R I T A N E.

IN Scotland ſhall reign the moſt noble and valiant Chiftan that ever was; full of Wiſdom and Policie, cruel in Juſtice as a Lyon, and fierce. He ſhall be meek as a Lamb, but ſomewhat inclined to fragility of his fleſh. In his time ſhall be great Juſtice and Peace: But alas for ſorrow! for by treaſon he ſhall be deſtroyed. This Lamb ſhall make many good houſes and fair places: He ſhall take great adventurous travels; and a little before his death, he ſhall have war with them that ſhould be his friends, and he ſhall get victory over them: But by falſet of his own, he ſhall be drawn to a place of battle, where he ſhall get great diſcomfort, by the which he ſhall die. Therefore, alas, for ſorrow of his Line, which ſhall be in great trouble. And after

him there ſhall be a Chiftan of the Kyth, unſtable as the wind, wavering as the wave of the ſea. In his time ſhall the Church tremble as an aſpen Leafe, and great trouble in all manner of Eſtates: But it ſhall not long laſt.

Alſo the Wolf ſhall riſe againſt him, out of the North-weſt, and make him great trouble; but he ſhall not prevail; for by the help of the Wolfs brother and the Fox, the Wolf ſhall be ſlain by a water ſide: And ſoon-after, there ſhall come out of the North a Dragon and a Wolf, the which ſhall be the help of the Lyon, and bring the Realme to great reſt and peace with glory, with the moſt joy and triumph, that the like was never ſeen theſe many years before. For by the ſweet ſmell of the Lillie and the Flower-deluce, there ſhall a Chiftan of the Kyth chooſe forth himſelf, ſtable as a ſtone, ſtedfaſt as the Chriſtal, firm as the Adamant, true as the Steel, immaculate as the Sun, without all Treaſun: He ſhall ſail on the Sea, with walls on every ſide, and that with great glory and joy, to deliver the Kyth out of all thraldom and dolour; for he ſhall be ſtrong as the Wolf, wiſe as the Serpent, humble as the Lamb, ſimple as the Dove, victorious as the Lyon, Prince of Juſtice, the weal of this Nation, he ſhall bind his tail with the red Dragon, and accompany him with the Lyon, the three ſhall riſe againſt the Moldiwart, the which is curſed of God: This Moldiwart ſhall have an earthly ſkin as a Goat, the vengeance of God ſhall fall upon him for ſin, and the ſuffering of the great pride of his people unpuniſhed: Alſo they ſhall thruſt him forth of his Realm, and make all the four chief ſtouds of his Realm to run blood, and after that the Moldiwart ſhall flee, and take a Ship to ſave himſelf; for he ſhall have no more power of this Realm: And after that he ſhall be glad to give the third part of his Realm, to have the fourth part in peace, and he ſhall not get it: For the will of God is, that no man ſhall have mercy, but he

that is merciful: And after that he ſhall live in ſorrow all his lifetime: And die by adventure ſuddenly in a flood of the Sea: And his progenie ſhall be fatherleſs in ſtrange Countries and Lands for evermore, becauſe they were gotten againſt the Law of God: For by that generation the Realm of England is repleat of all iniquity and abomination of ſin. And ſo the Wolf, the the Dragon with the Lyon, ſhall divide the Realm of England, and ſo ſhall the Land be conqueſt by the power and will of God, and not by ſtrength of man.

And he that is an Engliſh man born, ſhall deny and perjure his native Nation and Realm: But yet they ſhall be as tributers to theſe aforeſaid three Beaſts, and all wholly ſubdued to them. And then the Spouſe of God ſhall be glad of her deliverance, and her children ſhall inhabit their lands with joy in the ſervice of their Father by Creation. Well is the man that keepeth his [illegible] part to that time. For after thoſe days the Law of her Spouſe ſhall be well kept.

But in the mean time, that religious perſons ſuffer patiently perſecution, and ſpecially the poor, which have left all for their Spouſe ſake, for they ſhall be [illegible] flee to the mountains and caves for their ſafeguard: But he for whoſe ſake they do ſuffer, ſhall redreſs [illegible]lour to joy without end.

And the Iſle of Britane ſhall be in all joy and peace, and the juſt ſhall be glad in the ſuppreſſing of their adverſaries: And then ſhall all good men and women give perfect laud and praiſe to GOD Omnipotent: for GOD doth ſuffer man to be puniſhed for ſin.

And then ſhall the Owl, the Bear with the Eagle be all deſtroyed, becauſe they were untrue to the Crown, and changed into blood: For by their counſel, the whole Lyon, gentle of nature, was degenerate, and mad againſt them that was his truſty friends: For he ſhall be the cauſe of great and much trouble, and ſhedding of much innocent blood, and the beginning of great

diſcord among them that ſhould be friends. And as for his ſucceſſion, they ſhall never inherit their lands. And then ſhall the Bruce beware and take good heed that he ſhed no blood in the Lands; but draw him to his ſtrength, for the Wolf ſhall await him at an advantage and be his death, and then ſhall all the birds of the wood ſing for joy, that the Wolf is made watchman, and enemy to the Fox. For all ſhall be one in truth and peace, Treaſon ſhall be known: And the Sun ſhall ſhine clear, but the Moon ſhall be under covert and dark, till God be pleaſed to redreſſe: The white Lyon ramping ſhall have his den at large, for his ſtedfaſt truth that he kept to the Kyth.

And he ſhall keep the birds in their bounds with all glory: But the Unicorn ſhall couch full low for falſhood that he wrought with the Raven ralping, and that was for their greedineſs and treaſon that they ſhall do by the Sea, and under a great hill. For the Cock that ſhould have been true was falſe, and drew with him the Papingo: by which the Roſe gave no ſmell, that ever was pleaſant to the Kyth, and ſo in their trace they ſhall draw the beſt Fowls in the wood; wherefore alace! But then let them take heed, for then comes their diſtreſs: The horne ſhall blow dolour in ſound, that all the Caſtles of Tyne ſhall quake: and the Hart ſhall run, and make little debate: Woe ſhall be, but it ſhall not long laſt: For the Wolf with the Dragon and the Lyon ſhall they releaſe, that long lay in their den, and Juſtice ſhall be had, that was ſtayed to riſe. Then ſhall tremble and quake the Stalwart and the Starke, and the right ſhall be had, that Juſtice ſhall draw, and woe ſhall be to them that no pity would have: For the Chiftain of the Kyth that God would ſhould guide, and ſtrike treaſon down on every ſide.

And happy is that man that may it ſee:
But happy is that Chiftain, whatever he be.

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